19 June/35

Wednesday.

Excuse typing--I'm in such a rush. Here they are, and think theyre very good and seem sincere not forced our drop by drop like most reviews. Wheh shall I have time to read B and P. God knows. Or to write, or to read? The white pinks are exqusite cool as ices, and fresh as the songs of robins--or should it be wrens? I ve not read or answred the german lady; and must do both before I throw it over to your waste paper. Its only worth that. so I guess. I will write to the most kind and chrrming Lady B.

V.

Vita lunches on Monday

52 Tavistock Sqst. July 2nd 1935

I'm so sorry to have been so incommunicative,
but I dont suppose it matters a straw, at our
mature & sublimely tolerant age. I've been let in
for even so many unnecessary & eternal distracting
affairs. Why have I promised to go & stay with
the Buchans tonight? Aware & old sentimentality:
I used to know her as a girl: then I go to
Bristol to open a show of Ravn pictures: then I go
another ware. I dont think Hugsty speaking,
I should have done — & I've still to do — Gethin.

1) Have ye heard from Vita? That more to the
point. about Gwen a terribly nervous operation?
Vita pub me off. wrote this explanation. what with
Father & Gwen &c? Have ye any news?

2) Did ye send a young man in blue to leave
pinks at the door last week, with
mysterious card in a fagged hand, saying

"three broken petals from our Ex-Stormy Petrel" — enclosing
a pipe a sponge & a yard measure & a bill
from a Gloucester coal merchant.' I used to
call somebody "Stormy Petrel" — was it you?
I don't think so.

Ha ha bought a dog who is always passionately
in love with Leonard. It's a curious case of
hopeless erotic mania — precisely like a human
passion. Then, I've been tasting & toiling:
became the Fiji Cluster round. I swear I
want shares at biography till I'm just a skeleton.
Den me — I must go, & I've a clean night gown —
back.

Please answer, you a card, about the blue
young man & the pinks.

I doubt that your Brewster is a very clear judge of
Character. He seem to me to jangle, like a
bell worn after the bells' rung — something
very unstable — And my nephew says, a
well known homosexual, but liked, &
thought honest by his contemporaries. As far
as Mr. Peplow — well, our Min went say
There can be two opinions as to what he is!

V.

NYPL

Rota 21.4.63

32 T.S. Sunday
[2 July] 1938

back. That is relief about Vita & Gwen - I was picturing
all kinds of horrors - I hope needlessly.
I can't manage tomorrow (& that is for you to come)
but don't in this heat - no hurry. I imagine - a post
wd. bring the MS) Tomorrow I must keep clear my
wits for an appalling infliction - Adelle Kleen -
who must see L - must dine here. And after
my weekend was spent with my head in a pillow.
But after Berlot (what is, God help me) a
Friday I hope for some free spacious days like

Have you St. Elizabeth Ann it? Freedom slowly
broadening down. As working depends on the car
the car on L.. L. on freedom from
blacks & coffee colour & adelles - his book is
bringing in the usual crop - how can I
say to Lucy B. as I should like - for will
come at once? I always think of her [NYPL] as this
most reasonable persuasive & sweetheart
of women - but this is not for her can, only a hint
for you: like a bed of pinks in this swelter. Forgive
I can't form my letters: but often can, do.

V.

Rota 2.4.63

I am greatly relieved to hear that you sent the pinks —
(but only disguise your hand) Years ago a
girl in some country I've haunted a little called
her The Stormy Petrel. Now I might she's
turned up again, with the name, after this
downpour. And I can't remember who ever
why I so christened her. Imagine therefore
my relief — Call funny or fortunes
Uncontracted Cat.

Sunday

Worker. 21 July 1935

(1) Ex. I think I recognise the push rimmed handkerchief as one I bought to assuage hay fever in Marlborough, long & Boulogne ago. The memory is detestable.

(2) Ottoline says you are entirely adorable. & seduced Hope Mirrlees from the holy Ghost. What a pity you're having!

(3) Read the enclosed — Julrome Prawn I like — at your leisure, & tell me if I must answer.

V

Monks House
Saturday Aug 10. 1935

Such my dear Ethel, how delightful this
silence is - how fertile, how salutary:
I'd just made up my mind never to
break it by a single word when I looked
up - caught the shine of the coachman's hat in
your portrait, which so titillated my wish
to know what the devil the uncastrated cat is
doing at the moment - there seems to be only
one obvious employment for such an
animal - that I take up my pen, as they say.
Since coming here I have poured out tea
for 15 self-invited guests: I have been to
London: I have read a dozen MSS.
of feped trash & then you ask me
lazy! Then you say I forget old friends! -
ranking queerly apparently with the fauns

who bent over my cradle & whispered music in my
ears. Well, aint it odd, how a mere four year old
like you – for she's now precisely four years since
you caught me a cuff over the head for telling you
you – I forget what, but I remember falling Kerplump on the
drawing room floor – aint it odd how you &
Every we are to fathom & what passes over your heart is
like a breeze over corn in mine. NYPL Now any
critic, argue trained in the art of letters at
Cambridge, like your friend Peter Lucas, could
Prof. of English – I'd teach em – would know
talk from that last sentence, with its recurrency
rhythm & visual symbolism – why dont they make me
from that sentence that I've just come in from a
long hot walk over the Downs & sat by
mercy in a confield. Whenever you come
this way, I'll take you to Moppey Poke.
There we'll lead our lone on a floor
where the nettles flush among the low droppings.
It was deserted 50 years ago, & I do there every
Saturday to muse upon my youth – did I
tell you – no – I never boast – I'm

Rota 2.4.43

one of the most modest people, come to think of it,
there's ever been — that heck having shooed from the
PEN Club they asked me to succeed her? When
which I flicked my hand, as a fresh woman
flicks a bug off her child's head. Conceive the
damned impudence! Ten dinners a year, & 7th
at the head of the ruling company of
back scratchers & admirers balm. I thought of
Gen- Why? In what connection? Ah-hah,
that my secret.

Vita wrote today & asked me to go to St.,
where Swen is lying in bed with 2 nurses
& father & Anna a very nice affectionate
Letter. Have you heard?

Now I: calls me to bowls
Do no more

V!

Monks Horton Tuesday 3 Sep 35

I have lost your letter in the
general chaos of mss.
I don't know what day you
said you were coming. So
let me know number duly.
I remember all the rest of the
letter, about the dog & Vita; it's only the
facts.
I went to Lesst: & Vita was in
seduction in her saloon trousers, &
we had 15 minutes alone —
the first time for a year — & I'm sorry
you didn't be. G was there,
like a drowning cat; wet, white
and Harold — Red, robust.
V.

I'm been up in London all day, & Can't write